

April 7, 1928

SELF-DENIAL CAMPAIGN—MAY 5th-11th

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

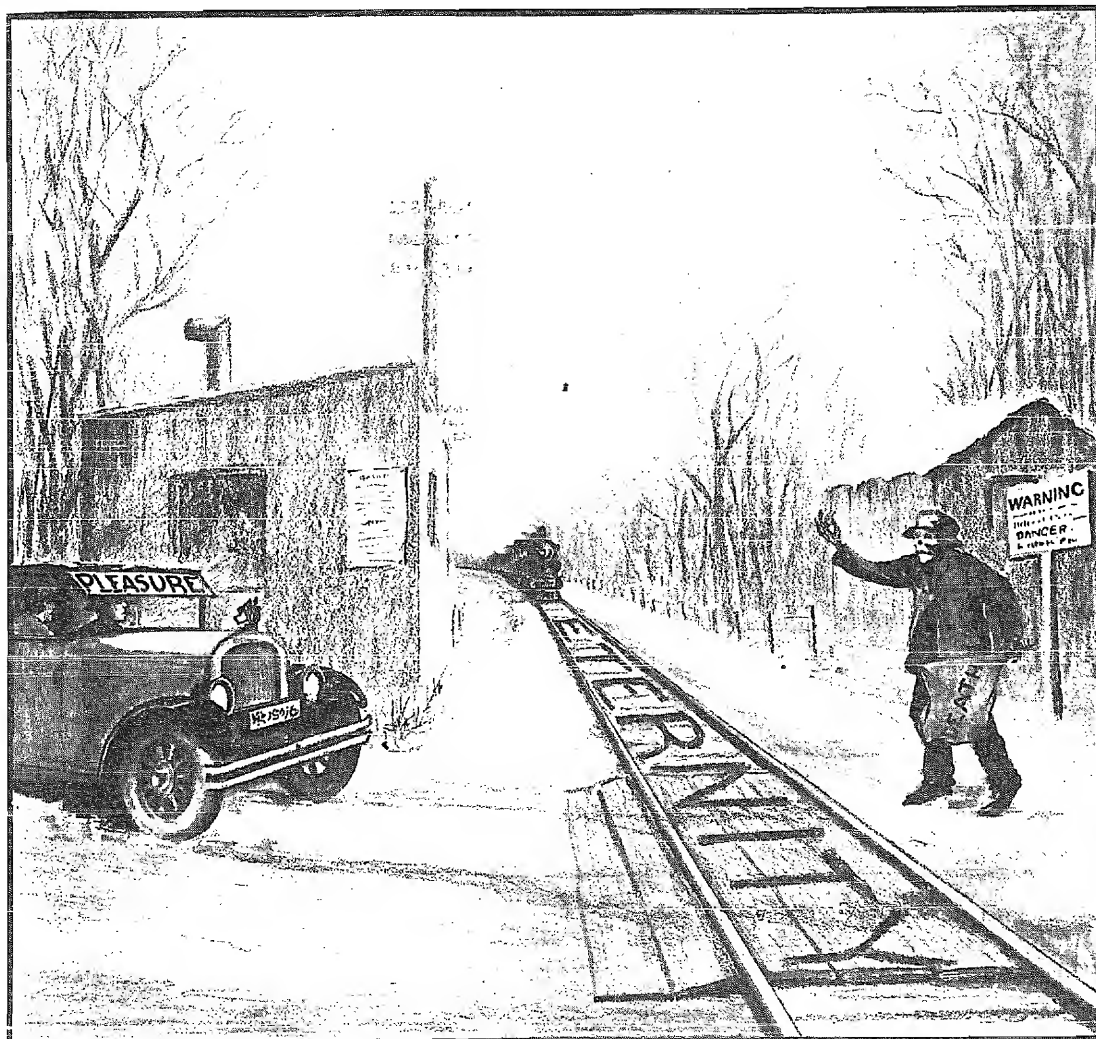
BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



With acknowledgments to the New York "Life."

"Come on," says Death, "take your chance, you may be able to make it."

Yes, and suppose you decide, on the wild impulse of the moment, to heed the old man's suggestion, and to "Take your chance," and suppose you don't "make it"—what then?

Having once crossed the line—the single track between you and death—the line of eternity—what then? What then—I say. What after death for you remains?

Do not forget the words of Holy Writ—as true to-day as when they were first recorded—"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Pleasure is a fickle jade; Death is a persistent beckoner, but once in his keeping there is no turning back. "The children of the foolish are far from safety."

"He careth for You!"

1 Pet. 5:7

Oh, cast all your care on the Saviour of men,
When tempests shall buffet you sore,
When breakers shall sweep you again and again,
Close in to some perilous shore,
The Saviour has charted both headland and shoal.

Each morning His mercies are new,
As you steer by His grace to the heavenly goal,
Remember—"He careth for you."

The homestead may bury the settlers' fond hopes,
Or friends may be called from his side,
His aid and spirit often in weariness grope,
Forgetting that Christ is his guide,
God's Word is so simple to wayfarers men,
And it makes the road clear to the View,
O'er prairie and mountain, through forest and glen.

My comrade, "He careth for you."

In the vast space of a great solitude,
Or the sad loneliness of a town,
Wherever the spirit of evil shall brood,
And all goodness and grace seem cast down,
Remember Christ Jesus who conquered the grave,
He loved us through death—it is true,
And He is abundantly still able to save,
My comrade, "He careth for you!"
Alfred A. Weyburn, Sask.

Do We Mean It?

A STORY is told of old Rastus, a Southern Negro, who used to pray every night, "O Lord, take me up to Heaven tonight." Some of his friends who knew this decided to test his sincerity. So they climbed up on the roof of his cabin one night and called down the chimney, "Rastus!" No answer, "Rastus!" Still no answer. And again, "Rastus!" From somewhere in the cabin came the smothered sound of a man's voice saying, "Who's there? 'It's God, come to take you up to Heaven," the jokers answered, "Say, boss, Rastus done left three days ago, and he ain't come back yet." Do we pray, "Thy kingdom come," and really mean it, or are we in Rastus' class?

Above the Clouds, the Sky is Blue

YES, and always blue. Clouds are fleeting, never stationary. Blue is the sky ever, though clouds at times obscure the vision. Tomorrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy today. Patient heart never won fair lady, or even a lady not quite so fair.

Timid heart, be strong! Fear not, thy God reigneth! The Christian should fear nothing but sin. Even the devil fleeth when bravely resisted. There's a hole at the other end of the tunnel. The blue sky of God's sweet love abideth ever.

Your hand in God's hand makes you omnipotent. Blinded by unbelief, men see not the bright light in the clouds. To patient faith the prize is sure. Hope on, hope ever. Shouts of victory float already from the heavenly heights, and songs of triumph will come on the wings of the morning.

Dangerous Curiosity

A young fellow, sixteen years old, had the curiosity to know how it would seem to swallow a handful of carpet tacks. He was cautioned against it, but he was reckless and curious, and so he swallowed them. He suffered a great deal, but lived for a month before he died.

There are a great many other people who suffer from the things they swallow out of curiosity. Men go to see bad pictures, and both men and women read bad books, and go to see immoral plays, and excuse themselves for doing it by saying, "I do not approve of such things, but I am curious to read or see everything."

It is worse than swallowing tacks. The tacks only kill the body, but the impure sights and sounds, and the unclean atmosphere, deteriorate and finally destroy the soul.

You can't scare the man who gets his courage from the Lord.

Said a little boy to his mother, who was very poor, and whom God had wonderfully helped, "Mother, I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

The Passing of Rebecca Jarrett

Removes another link with The Army's thrilling past and the fight for endangered girlhood

ONE of the most stirring episodes in The Army's history has been recalled by the promotion to Glory of Rebecca Jarrett, who was associated with the General and Mr. W. T. Stead in the 'Maiden Tribute' case, the culminating chapter in the successful effort to protect young girls from the evils of white-slave traffickers.



In the year 1885 the General took part, with the late W. T. Stead, in the "Maiden Tribute" agitation. In this connection he was charged at the Old Bailey, London, Eng., but was acquitted. (See article).

Early in life she was associated with this vicious business. But it was while on a visit to Northampton that she fell on very evil days and, when in a distressing condition, she was found by a well-known Officer of that day, who worked patiently and persistently in seeking to lead Rebecca to Salvation. She helped her in many ways, and, in due course, had her transferred to our first Rescue Home in London, a small house in White-chapel.

Mrs. Booth had taken charge of this Home and was almost overwhelmed by the terrible conditions she found. The age of consent in Britain was then only thirteen, and it was to her an appalling revelation to find that these young girls—really children—were daily arrested and harried by the police as common prostitutes after being abandoned by their destroyers. Those who first came under her care were all young girls in their teens. Some only eleven and twelve years of age.

She learned, too, that a trade was carried on in these young lives between England and the Continent, and that it involved such anguish and degradation as, in her opinion, could not be matched by any trade in human beings known to history.

Thinking of the miseries of these poor creatures Mrs. Booth, then a young wife and mother, cried herself to sleep night after night. Gradually her husband, our present General, became aware that there was no exaggeration in the stories she was hearing day after day, and the revelations nearly broke his heart. He set himself to the task of arousing the country to a knowledge of the horrible condition of the girls on the streets and of the white-slave traffic carried on with other countries.

To Force Parliament If the public could be brought to know the actual facts, the General felt sure that Parliament would be forced to act. Hence he conferred with various friends and afterward consulted W. T. Stead, then Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette." The General told Stead that he had four women in the next room whom he might interview for himself. They came in one by one, and their stories were elicited by Mr. Stead. Three of these outcasts were girls under sixteen, the other was Rebecca Jarrett.

How Mr. Stead acted is now history, and after the two men had taken counsel and prayed together, they set out very cautiously upon their plan of campaign. They needed absolute first-hand evidence. To secure this Rebecca offered to serve. She knew the method by which these girls of tender age were procured, and although it is unnecessary to detail the horrible routine here, it is enough to say that she purchased a girl and went through the sickening transaction, proving conclusively that the awful traffic was carried on without considerable difficulty.

Rebecca Jarrett thus made it possible for a smashing blow to be struck at this hydra-headed monster, and soon the heart of Christendom was stirred. The "Pall Mall Gazette" of July 6, 1885, in which Mr. Stead described the Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon, took the British public by storm in a way that can hardly be paralleled in newspaper history. The hot waves of public feeling, quickly swelled and lapped up to the doors of the House of Commons.

The victory was won, but the enemy then took advantage of a technicality, and, to the amazement of Englishmen, Stead, Bramwell Booth, and Rebecca Jarrett, with others, had to stand their trial for breaking the very law which their effort had brought into being. These champions of the helpless—Stead and Rebecca Jarrett—were sent to jail, Stead for three months and Rebecca for six. The General and those involved with him in the case were acquitted. All honour to those who shared in this notable victory!

Terrible Battles When her sentence was completed Rebecca Jarrett went to a home Mrs. Josephine Butler had opened. It was felt that there would be less publicity for her under Mrs. Butler's care. She had felt her imprisonment very keenly. Again and again she almost yielded to despair. Mrs. Bramwell Booth and others spent hours with her in her terrible battles with discouragement and other evils. Their prayers, their love, and faith prevailed, and by the blessing of God she conquered. For a time this redeemed soul assisted in the rescue of girls and women. Long ago, however, she returned to Mrs. Booth's care and was comfortably accommodated at 259 Mare Street, Hackney, and was thoroughly at home there until the day of her death.

Since July of last year she had been confined to her bed. During these days she was reminded that she would be able to see the Founder when she crossed the River. Her face shone as she lifted her hand and shouted "Hallelujah!" Commissioner Catherine Booth kept in close touch with Rebecca, who so loved, and was so greatly indebted to, her mother and grandmother. On the occasion of the last visit, her message was: "Give Mrs. Booth all my love; tell her I'm ready and I'm going home."

Her General had already written of her, "She has done well." Now she has entered into the joy of her Lord and heard His "Well done."

The funeral service in Abney Park Cemetery was conducted by Commissioner Lamb, assisted by Commissioner Catherine Booth, who told of the conflicts and victories of this great trophy. She demonstrated in the long years of quietude and consistent Salvationism that the work done in her heart in Northampton, nearly forty-five years ago, was of God.



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Job 4: 12-21. "Shall mortal man be more just than God?" Men pride themselves on being just, but the most perfect justice earth can give is as nothing to that which God gives to each and all of His creatures. Infinite in love and wisdom; knowing and seeing all, He cannot make mistakes. The Judge of all the earth shall unflinchingly and eternally do right.

Monday, Job 5: 1-16. "I would seek unto God." Eliphaz says what we would do if in Job's circumstances. But we can only understand trouble when we have been through it ourselves. Then, after having proved God's help, our words, however few or false, will have power to soothe and comfort the sad and suffering. They will feel and realize that we know what we are talking about.

Tuesday, Job 5: 17-27. "Despise not the chastening of the Almighty." If God gives you have power to suffer. It is a sign that He wishes to make you a great saint. His furnace always purify. Unusual love and unusual grace have always reached the saints in the shape of unusual trials and unusual afflictions. God rarely, if ever, makes the educating process painless one, when He wants remarkable results. (Selected).

Wednesday, Job 6: 1-14. "Oh, that I might have my request!" How many have lived to thank God for unanswered prayers! Here Job goes on to entreat God for death, not knowing the great and wonderful blessings in store for him. "Not my weak longings, Lord fulfill; But rather do Thy perfect will; For I am blind and wish for things Which, granted, bring heart lacerations; Let me but know that I am blind; Let me but trust Thee, wondrous kind!"

Thursday, Job 6: 15-30. "The speeches of one that is desperate." Since one has said, "It consoles us in affliction that in our sighs and tears and groans we are not alone; that others have felt just as we do, that others, too, have cried unto God 'out of the depths,' and that after they have suffered awhile He gave them 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'"

Friday, Job 7: 1-10. "Wearisome nights are appointed to me." Have you ever thanked God for His gracious gift of sleep? Perhaps you fall asleep directly your head touches the pillow, and do not wake till morning. But there are many like Job who spend weary nights "full of tossings to and fro." Such trying times can bring blessing instead of irritation if the sleepless one will but lie still and quietly pray, or repeat verses from God's Word, or the Army Song-Book.

Saturday, Job 7: 11-21. "I would not live always." Modern medical science has so improved health conditions that people on the whole live longer now than they used to do. But even with the best earthly surroundings we would not want to live for ever in this world of fleeting joys and changing circumstances. Far better to go at the Saviour's call, "To the bliss and the rest that remaineth for ever, In the beautiful Land just over the River."

Don't Buy a Revolver to Shoot a Butterfly

IT isn't worth the trouble, and as for the expense, it's a sheer waste of the current coin of the realm. Butterflies are too insignificant to require revolutionary practice. Don't get into a fury about the half of a fly who spend weary failings a wee bit bigger, can be dealt with by gentle admonitions, loving suggestions, and warm, forgive-it-all kisses.

A sledge-hammer is not necessary to crack a black-beetle. The thin end of a small poker will do the job just as well. Don't deal out a big punishment for a small offence, and lose your good temper and spoil the peace of "Home, sweet home," arguing as to whether it is a cut or a burn.

THE INT

Pays "En r Mrs

SOME real Spring Days have been the pleasurable lot of Winnipeg during recent days. We mention this meteorological fact so that one will understand that our spirits were keyed aright to give the happy welcome due to ever-welcome visitors—those who by past service and present associations have made for themselves a comradely place in the affections of Canadian Salvationists—Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp.

The visit has been all too short, but we are happy in that we live on one of the World's Highways, and that The Army route, and the picturesque way, to the Australasian continent runs past our dwellings, and we do occasionally get a glimpse of our Leaders and Heroes.

Fresh from special Army Gatherings in New York and Chicago, which we were told by the Commissioner, have once more emphasized the throbbing comradeship and Salvation enthusiasm of those important centres, fresh also from contact with the purposefulness of the "Don't East" brothers and sisters, he came to us. Always a figure of robust and contagious Armyism is our general International Secretary, but this time, right from the moment he alighted on Friday morning at the C.P.R. depot, until he took his way Westward on Saturday night, he re-emerged our spirits—took us into his confidence—and gave us another cheer across the Field.

A Staff Gathering There was an "At Home" feeling, enhanced by the beautiful evening breezes telling of the coming longer days and shorter nights, about the Staff Gathering at the Garrison on Friday evening. The closeness of the contact was good; the ease of the situation was freedom itself—just a family party. We speak like this so that you who read may understand the exact final feeling which had possession of us when we were hearing about the General and Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and our other Leaders at International Headquarters. The news of recent British advances thrilled us, and nerved us for our own fight. It was

WHAT to do with our younger Young People When the annual Y.P. Council picnic around, and a clamor for admission is made (which admission must be denied to certain applicants for age reasons) has constituted a problem with which our Leaders have wrestled for a long time past.

This was happily, if not successfully solved when Commissioner and Mrs. Rich met a company of Young Folks by special invitation in the Train at Garrison Auditorium on a recent Saturday afternoon and evening. Our train was assisted by a number of T.H.C. Officers, the Divisional Staff, and City Group Officers, whilst a number of Y.P. Local Officers whose interest in the young charges was delightful to see, were also present.

A feeling something akin to awe swept over the youthful audience on being seated in the beautifully equipped Auditorium. Many of the young folk had not previously seen the interior of the Train at Garrison, and it was easy to see that the felt on "holy ground." Wonder and pleasure alternated on every bright face. There was a privilege indeed.

At the call of Staff-Captain Steele the young folks rose to sing from the special sheets, another privilege, and though somewhat subdued at first, the voices of the singers broadened out to considerable proportions before the close.

Devotional exercises were followed by an introductory speech made by Ensign Goughn. Having a special interest in the young people from a Divisional standpoint, she voiced the pleasure of all concerned at the presence of our Territory Leaders, who, in turn, received a welcome such as only young folks can give, and which was only exceeded by the energetic response to Staff-Captain Steele's "Y.P. a volley!"

Under the Commissioner's unconventional presidency an instructive and no means uninteresting programme occupied the main portion of the afternoon.

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THE INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY

Pays "En route to Australia" Visit to the Territorial Centre
Mrs Commissioner Mapp also a Welcome Guest

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The visit has been all too short, but we are happy in that we live in one of the World's Highways, and that The Army route, and the picturesque way, to the Australasian continents runs past our dwellings, and we do occasionally get a glimpse of our Leaders and Heroes.

Fresh from special Army Gatherings in New York and Chicago, which, we were told by the Commissioner, have once more emphasized the throbbing comradeship and Salvation enthusiasm of those important centres; fresh also from contact with the purposefulness of the "Down East" brothers and sisters, he came to us. Always a figure of our general International Secretary, but this time, right from the moment he alighted on Friday morning at the C.P.R. depot, until he re-took his way Westward on Saturday night, he re-energized our spirits—took us into his confidence—and gave us another cheer across the Field.

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good, too, to have those special messages from our American and Toronto comrades, and to know that all over the Continent there is a war being waged with a prospect of victory for our Master and Lord.

Naturally the time of the visit was not all taken up in functions of such character; we had a sense that the hours were all too few for the important conversations which were a necessity, and for some of the decisions which we believe may have far-reaching effect; it is part of our Army life to expect things to happen when our International Visitors come to us. However, these are things not for us—we merely mention them now in this "removal" manner in order that it may be understood that there is a very distinct purpose in these journeyings about the World, and that we do, with cheerful and delightful readiness, order our goings and stayings in accordance with the wishes of our Leaders.

But Commissioner Mapp

could not well come to Winnipeg, even if but for a few hours, without his faithful Soldier friends having an opportunity of seeing and hearing him; and it is not a matter for surprise that the Garrison on Friday evening, Saturday night, for the Musical Welcome and Au Revoir Demonstration which Commissioner Rich had planned for the occasion. An event made all the happier,

let us emphasize it, by reason of Mrs. Mapp's presence with us.

With a crowded house, and an enthusiastic soldiery crowding it, one can imagine the sort of an evening we had. It was a case of "come early for any sort of a seat," and the younger fry who had done so, and comfortably esconced themselves, yielded to necessity and courtesy (some of them) and gave up their points of vantage to their elders. The singing went over with a bang—there was a comradely reverberation about everything. The Citadel Band was superb in its musical renderings; we weren't stay to particularise, except to say that the oldtime chorus is still ringing in our ears—

"Christ is all, yes, all in all; Christ is all in all." It is not that fact, Salvationists everywhere, that makes us such a glad host—such a one-another concern—that we have One Lord, Who is all-in-all to every one of us?

Commissioner Rich made the best of chairmen, introducing—save the mark—our visitors. He led us in those singings which put us all on our mettle, and paved the way for those loyal references to "The One Salvation Army." Brigadier Taylor was choice in his Scripture reading—fraught with travelling benediction for our journeying guests. Lt. Colonel Sims—just back from wanderings across prairie and mountain—came sailing in on the plea that to-

morrow was Y.P. Council Day, and so he forgot all about the Y.P. Delegates, and called us to a welcome of the Commissioner, in one of those racy eloquent speeches in which he revels these days.

"Telling Soundings"

He struck the right note in that he gave Commissioner Mapp a theme for his talk which stirred us all—"Telling Soundings," said our guest, and he proceeded to recall some of those Early Days, and to cause us to renew our own consecrations, so that from floor to ceiling there were going up prayers for opportunities for service, and vows from all hearts—

—young and old alike. Mrs. Mapp recalled earlier visits to the City, and gently hinted at the passing of the years, and gladly affirmed the keeping grace of God throughout that period. She did not hold the fort for long, however, remembering that her husband was the speeding guest, and that she would have her turn on the morrow, and during other days when we shall be glad to have her in our midst.

But to conclude—it was one of those Meetings full of a surge of feeling; when memories are bestirred; vows renewed; comradeships re-affirmed; consecrations made; and when we again saw seekers at the Mercy-Seat.

Major Frank Taylor was his own quiet and self-effacing usual; greeting the many comrades who look for his coming whenever the International Secretary is over here; and he had also his meed of public acknowledgment.

But glances at the clock revealed the fact that the evening was hurrying on; and that "Number One for Vancouver" was getting up steam, and so with a push and a crush out of the Citadel, and a crowd at the Depot to "God Speed" the Commissioner on his way, another episode closed, and now we shall watch for news from "Down Under" and of those mighty Congresses which will soon be taking place among our "Same Old Army" comrades in the Sister Dominions.

Commissioner and Mrs. Rich
Conduct Junior Councils
A New Venture in Winnipeg

and it was apparent from the seriousness with which the young folks "took in" the proceedings that the occasion was not unapproached. An excellent paper, written by Jack Dawson of Brandon, and read by Gordon Kelly, Sherbrooke St., on the subject, "Why I attend the Company Meeting," was well received. Corps Cadet Jack Lamb, Fort Rouge, did well with a paper entitled, "Why I am a Corps Cadet," and Guard Catherine Thomson, Winnipeg Citadel, followed up a smart salute with a paper on "What Guardship means to me."

A youthful Bible character was made to live again, and provided food for juvenile thought, in the scripture reading by Mrs. Commissioner Rich. She strove to make her message understandable to her listeners, and emphasized many helpful lessons. The Young People showed their interest by readily answering the questions put to them by the speaker and it was noted with interest that many closely consulted Bibles which they had brought with them. Altogether the Session was worth while, and well-mixed with the spice of chorus-singing, it, as the saying goes, "went down well."

The Young People had no need to leave the building during the interval between the Sessions, full provision being made at the Garrison for refreshment accommodation. Tea and coffee made the alfresco lunches which the visitors had brought with them acceptable, especially amid such novel surroundings.

Some bright singing led off the evening session; new choruses were introduced, and old favorites proved their popularity once more. Needless to say, Adjutant Tom Mundy shone in this part of the proceedings, and the pianoforte kept up a

merry accompaniment under the active fingers of Lt. Colonel Joy.

The Commissioner's topic, in acrostic form, and eminently suited for the occasion, was illustrated by objects which kept the audience agog throughout. Our Leader took good advantage of the "Eyegate" method of reaching the hearts and minds of his young hearers, and evidently without some effect, for the Prayer-Meeting registered a goodly number of responses.

There were some fine quick-fire testimonials from the Young People before the gathering closed, and the singing, with fixed bayonets, of The Army Doxology, concluded an experiment which will, without doubt, be repeated another year.

Commr. and Mrs. Rich at
Sherbrooke St.

NOT for a long while have the comrades of the Sherbrooke St. Corps been privileged to receive a visit from Commissioner and Mrs. Rich. Sunday, March 25th will, therefore, be remembered as a day quite out of the ordinary, and time when God poured out freely of His blessings. Our Territorial Leaders were accompanied by the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele.

The Holiness Meeting was a season of gracious refreshing and we felt in a marked manner the wonderful presence of God. The Commissioner's inspiring comments helped us greatly and the chief message given by Mrs. Rich, enlarged our vision for greater faith in God. Many hearts felt the impress of the truth and two seekers made a full surrender at the Mercy-Seat during the Prayer Meeting. The singing of a vocal quartette, composed

of men Cadets, was well appreciated by the audience and added to the morning's profit and pleasure.

There was a crowded Hall for the evening Salvation Meeting and a full turn out of comrades and Band. A fine spirit was manifested throughout and the singing by the audience of the well-chosen songs was more than hearty. The Commissioner's address held the close attention of all and once again we saw the Mighty to Save an immediate Deliverer. The unsaved were urged to make a decision and the backsliders invited to return to the Fold of God.

Faith and prayer united in the strenuously-fought Prayer-Meeting and we rejoiced with great joy to see six souls enter into a new relation with God. One of the seekers was a brother who struggled for many weary months to find light. He made a voluntary surrender and afterwards gave his testimony.

It goes without saying that Captain and Mrs. Boyle, the comrades, and the Band rendered excellent assistance during the Meetings and gave glory to God for answered prayer. Hallelujah!

Before we close this all too brief account of a very happy day, may we also say we have received much blessing through our Brigade of men-Cadets and their influence in the district has been for good. At a recent Saturday night Meeting Bandsman Smilde spoke on "Weighed in the Balances" and one soul was restored to God.—R.M.R.

A minister was preaching about sin and strongly denouncing it. A gentleman said "Don't speak so strongly." "Oh, would you have me speak mildly?" said the preacher. "Come and sit here." He took him aside and showed him a bottle of poison which he had by him for some chemical purposes. "Would you like me to change the label and put 'Essence of Peppermint'?" Well, that is what I will not do in dealing with the poison of sin. That is the Devil's way

THE visitation of lumber camps by Army Officers is a welcome diversion in the lonely lives of hundreds of forest workers and the following account of a trip in Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, made by Ensign Fugelsang and Captain Hill will be read no doubt, with interest. Writes the Captain:

After a hearty meal at the Officers' Quarters in Prince Albert (where Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang are stationed) we embarked on the train for Melfort, on the way to which we saw the rather unusual sight of a water tank on fire. On arrival at our destination we enjoyed



Ensign Fugelsang and Captain Hill in fighting trim for their 200-mile trip. The hospitality of Adjutant and Mrs. Johnstone. At the Meeting that night we were pleased to meet Mr. Hansen, formerly of The Pas, who was the teamster for our trip to the woods last year.

Packing our bundles (six in all) next morning early, we caught the train to Tisdale at 6.30 a.m. This train is rightly named the "Crawler" and after much going forward and backward we arrived at 10.30 a.m. and had lunch. We then took train for Nipawin, where, on our arrival at 8.30 p.m., we were met by Ensign Little (in charge of The Army's work here) and who arranged for a team to take us through the bush. Whilst with the Ensign we visited a sick man who, since being laid aside has been converted through the instrumentality of our comrades. We played, prayed and sang and felt that God had blessed our efforts.

Fur Coats and Moccasins

After dinner (Saturday) we dressed for our 200 mile trip, fur coats, moccasins and thick lumbermen's socks being necessary. Our first stop was at Camp "B", eighteen miles north of Nipawin. About 170 men are employed here and we were heartily welcomed by the foreman and camp clerk. A good hearty meal was provided by our friends, and arrangements were made for a Meeting. Slides were shown on a screen, and our musical items given with cornet, euphonium, guitar, mouth-organ and "Home Sweet Home" on the tin can were greatly appreciated. Many old Gospel songs were sung from the song sheets provided and the old story of the Cross proclaimed. We urged these rough lumbermen to take the Saviour into their lives and we saw evidences of the working of the Holy Spirit.

A sixteen mile drive further on brought us to the Petaigan stopping place where, after a short rest and breakfast we visited Camp "A" for the Sunday morning service. We made this long journey at night to enable us to make two camps on Sunday.

After dinner we journeyed to the Saskatchewan warehouse, fourteen miles distant. One of our horses took sick and had to have immediate attention.

With the Lumbermen of the North

The Interesting Adventures of Two Army Officers who Braved the Elements to Visit Lonely Forest Camps

Here is located the headquarters for the upper section of the camps situated on the Saskatchewan River. At this place, 110 miles from the railroad is found a very fine office with all standard equipment, with Mr. Douglas Phalen in charge. Here also were Mr. J. MacDonald, Superintendent in charge of logging operations; Mr. E. Kennedy, Assistant Superintendent and Mr. Jack Mulhall who has the supervision of over 400 horses used in the bush during winter operations. These men, well known to the writer, reside in The Pas, and The Army is held high in their esteem. We had supper here and then drove five miles to Camp "C", to return later to the warehouse for a service.

The teamster who drove us to Camp "C" was a very astute Christian and informed us that he has two sisters who are medical missionaries, one laboring in South America. He related to us his experience of conversion after being sick for over a year with cancer of the face, and he is now cured. At the camp we held our service in the large bunk house with 140 men present. We closed our Meeting about 10 p.m., having put in a very busy but useful Sabbath.

Met Missionary Officers

On Monday morning we returned to the warehouse to find our horse still sick and unable to travel the balance of the trip. At the warehouse is located the camp hospital, having accommodation for sixteen. Dr. Netherlands in charge, has labored in China, leaving there last summer on account of troublesome times. He informed us that on his way to Canada he had met two well known Canada West Missionary Officers, Ensign Ada Irwin of Korea and Captain Grace Hoddinott of China.

Music and song cheered the ten patients in the hospital and afterward we had dinner with the doctor and patients. We then left for Camp 4, arriving at supper time. Much of the distance was made on foot as the sleighing was too heavy for one horse. Out of the 145 men who gathered for the service, the writer noticed a large number of the men who when in The Pas are regular attendants at The Army Meetings.

A Lonely Grave

Resuming our journey we passed the lonely grave of a lumberjack amid the stately evergreens. It is the grave of one Fred Cartwright, who was drowned on the drive of logs some four years ago. His mother resides in Winnipeg. A large plain wooden cross marks the grave and a railing has been placed around it, showing that care and attention has been given although the location is over one hundred miles from the railroad.

We anticipated journeying from Camp 4 across a gap of fifty-five miles to Camp 1 by "caterpillar" tractor, but found on arrival at the camp that the machine was in need of repairs. There are three caterpillar tractors in the bush this winter, each capable of hauling ten or twelve loaded sleighs of logs, each one taking the place of about forty horses. From here we sent our teamster with the one horse back to Nipawin and we started out to walk the gap, completing fourteen miles to the company's farm located on the Spaniak Channel, that

afternoon. Here are grown a large portion of the vegetables needed for the camps and which are stored in a large root house. Word had been phoned in that a tote or freight team was coming through from Camp 4 to Camp 1 and that we might journey with it, thus saving a forty-five mile walk.

At 6 a.m. we left the farm and, after travelling sixteen miles through the tall, stately pines we came to Misery Camp Stopping Place on the Carrot River. Here we built a fire and toasted our bread on a stick. Although eating out in the open, in zero weather, the steak, pie, toast and tea was delicious beyond description. We put our camp fire out, and sixteen more miles of walking and riding brought us to the Carrot River warehouse, just fifty miles from The Pas. Four years ago this was a busy spot where all supplies for the camps were stored, being taken there by boat. There now remain just a few buildings, the rest being moved to other scenes of activity. After supper we sang many old hymns, and although only about half a dozen men were present, had an enjoyable evening, light being provided by greased rags (using fat left from supper) placed in an old tin can.

Along the route of travel we saw many moose and deer and at times as many as four or five being seen at once within a few yards of the trail. The animals were not in the least disturbed but were eating young willow trees. We passed through some wonderful timber country, the road being along the bank of the mighty Saskatchewan River. Occasionally we passed a trapper and his lonely hut.

An Up-to-Date Plant

At Camp 1 we found an up-to-date plant, consisting of thirteen modern buildings, including office, cookhouse, file shack, four bunk houses, blacksmith shop, electric light plant, laundry and a large barn built of logs for housing seventy horses. Also located here was a storehouse, two big garages for the "Dinkys" and a pig pen. When coming upon this Camp in the midst of the bush it gives one the impression of a small town. (One hundred and eighty men are employed here.)

We found at Camp 1 as at other camps, that the men are well looked after; the laundry enabling the men to have a clean change of clothing weekly. No wooden bunks are used but all camps are now supplied with steel, sagless springs and comfortable mattresses. The very best of food is provided. Two hundred pounds of butter are used in each camp a week and one two hundred pound pig is consumed in one camp for a Sunday dinner.

At this camp also, there is a splendid iced road, the grooves of which are kept in condition by applications of water daily, supplied from huge water tanks, drawn by a six-horse outfit. Over the iced road the "dinky", a steam engine of the caterpillar type, with sleigh runners in front, hauls upwards of twenty loaded sleighs, each containing as much as a hundred logs.

By the kind arrangement of the foreman we had our Meeting in the cookhouse with about 160 men present who were

anxious to hear the Gospel message in music and song. Here our 300 lantern slides were well received, being much clearer because of the electric light. At other camps it was necessary to use acetylene gas. A favorite song of the men of all camps was "The Old Rugged Cross" and many requests were made for songs about "Mother". The next morning we had several good, helpful talks with some of the men working around the camp. This was also done at other camps as opportunity served.

Immediately after dinner at Camp 1 we left by freight team for Camp 2, situated seven miles across Murphy Lake from Camp 1. A splendid set of buildings are here and 155 men employed. We held our service in the large bunk house and did not close until 10 p.m. as on Saturday night lights are not put out until this hour; other nights the men "hit the hay" at nine o'clock.

Lost on the Lake

Following the Meeting we had lunch, then proceeded by small jumper sleigh back to Camp 1. The driver unfortunately missed his way when on the lake and we had visions of spending the night out in the open. We eventually retraced our way and found the correct road, arriving at midnight. We were up at 6.30 Sunday morning as we were anxious to be off for The Pas, 55 miles distant, for the night Meeting.

Now came the last lap of the journey, which was twenty-five miles across an open lake with a fierce wind blowing. There were many drifts of snow to be encountered but we plodded on and after a twelve-mile walk came to the teamsters' dining place. We only stopped long enough to adjust our packs and then were off for the last thirteen miles, the time facing a blinding snowstorm. The last mile or two was a hard struggle but we were encouraged by one of the northern aeroplanes flying over us shortly before we reached town, and seeing it land on the outskirts of The Pas. We arrived at 4.20 p.m. making an average of four and a half miles per hour.

After some refreshments and a rest at the home of Treasurer and Mrs. Robertson,



A Lumber Camp in the Forest

we proceeded to the Meeting where we were made welcome and where it was indeed a joy to meet old friends. Monday was spent in visitation and we boarded the train for Prince Albert. Although much in need of rest after our strenuous trip, we arrived home feeling our efforts had not been in vain and with a prayer on our lips that God would be with and bless the many hundreds of lumberjacks at work in "The Land of the Lobstick Pine."

In conclusion we would like to express our heartiest appreciation of the manner in which the men of the camps and their overseers treated us. God bless them all!

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

THE unfortunate spell of sickness which attacked Colonel Miller in Vancouver, and prevented his attendance at the Victoria Y.P. Councils, is yielding at treatment, and it is confidently hoped that he will be back again at the Territorial Centre during the next few days.

Just prior to leaving for the Coast the Colonel had left some inconvenience owing to ear trouble, but with characteristic pluck went ahead with his plans.

It has been a trying episode for Mrs. Miller, who is at home in Winnipeg—not much less, perhaps, than for the Chief Secretary himself. However, we are glad to make this happy announcement.

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

WE were right away from our usual gig on Friday, March 23rd. We had the Cadets with us; and a brave show they made—filling the spacious Citadel platform almost to overflowing. We had the Cadets Band and Singing Party too, and we were consequently not wanting in tuneful melody.

Brigadier Carter retained the command of the Meeting, and all the "usuals" took a silent seat. The thoughtful testimonies from many of our young comrades, bearing so definitely on the great theme of the Meeting, were very cheering to our own spirits.

Cadets Townsend and Allan gave us special "Seven minute sermons" (the word is the Principal's, so don't quarrel with us—Ed.) on New Testament Holiness and Cadets Duxbury and Beck did ditto with the same subject from the Old Testament standpoint. Immensely good, to the point, and fervent. We were glad that Brigadier Carter shut down on the clapping.

The Prayer-Meeting was indeed a time of helpfulness and victory for many souls, and once more we rejoiced over a well-filled Mercy-Seat. Cadets' Night was a real spiritual treat—for young and old.

The following Friday, March 30th, was another special occasion—one in a lengthening list of such. In spite of the fact that there was a special hub-bub on another character entirely filling the outside atmosphere, indoors we had a splendid crowd and a real heart-to-heart time.

The Cadets had braved the horrors of the way, and were with us in full force—in spirit and lung-power; and so our songs were uplifted again and again. The screened songs and illustrative settings were once more exceedingly helpful. So were the well enunciated readings—Scripture, by Ensign Miriam Houghton, and "The Founder's Message" by Corporal Margery Joy.

One speciality was an illustrated sermon depicting the Apostle Peter's release from prison—"Glorious to God for the broken Chain," and when Adjutant Mundy took the desk with his most happily conceived and soul-helping address of that subject, and his lessons therefrom for our up-to-date experiences, we realised the oneness of our weekly fare.

Staff-Captain Steele's control of the Meeting, and his leadership of our songs and prayers brought us into close touch with the realities of the evening's subject, and once more we rejoiced in definite decisions at the Mercy-Seat.

A Pound of Pluck is Worth a Ton of Luck

YES, and a bit more. Pluck says "I'll do and dare." Luck says "Wait and see." Luck waits for something to turn up; pluck rolls up its sleeves and goes and turns it up. When a plucky man succeeds, the wisest say, "Lucky!" but those who are in the know say, "Plucky!"

Pluck stands for hard work and sticking to it; while Luck too often stands for idleness, and a lot of it. Pluck inspires Da Vinci to place the lovely glaze on the plate, and Stephenson to make a perfect the mighty locomotive. Pluck inspired Faraday to make his wonderful chemical discoveries, and Arkwright to invent the labor-saving spinning-jenny.

Pluck wrought modern miracles, grace through John Hunt among cannibal Fijians. The world, as new before, cares for men of pluck, resolution and devotion, and gives the "Well done" only and ever to the men and women who are indomitable and unconquerable.



1.—The "Dinky" that hauls 20 loaded logging sleighs. 2.—A group of interested listeners at Camp "A." 3.—A Far-North trapper's dog team.

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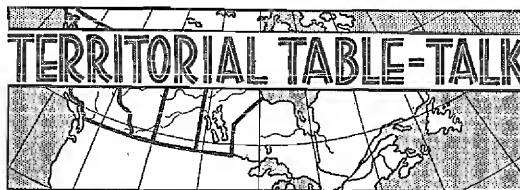
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Winnipeg, April 4th

Mrs. Commissioner Mapp is booked to conduct an interesting event on April 10th—Founder's Birthday; the unveiling of the memorial busts of the Founder and the Army Mother at the Training Garrison. A Commemoration Demonstration will be conducted by our own Commissioner on the evening of the same day.

It is not often that a Daily Paper has Mercy-Seat news in its columns. It is refreshing to read in the Port Arthur "News-Chronicle" the following paragraph:

"Friday night the Soldiers from Port Arthur Corps united with the Corps at Fort William, and out of fifty-one of a congregation present had eight at the Mercy-Seat; four who were standing aimlessly at the street corner followed in from the Open-Air Meeting, and two of them came out for Salvation."

Commandant Carroll has had his mind stirred and his soul blessed by our recent remarks on "Hand-clapping versus Saying 'Amen'." On a recent occasion when our own D.C. asked the youngsters to "Fire a volley" they stared in silent bewilderment; if somebody had said, "Give him a good clap" they would have understood; but why should we do as the Gentiles do?

Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, recently received a donation from a dear friend whose generosity had been stirred by reading of "Bessie" in the "Epistles of Hephzibah," a graciously kindly note also came with the humble offering.

We are glad to note the continued activity of our old and valued comrades—Envoy and Mrs. McGill; always acceptable specials, they recently spent a helpful week-end at Victoria Corps. God bless them.

We sincerely sympathize with Captain Harold Martin, who has suffered the heaviness in the passing of his father. Our promoted comrade was a staunch Salvationist in Old Dundee, and at one time suffered imprisonment in the service of The Army. Captain Martin's parents also enjoyed the

honour of having been the principal parties in the first Army wedding to have been held in the North of Scotland.

We also sympathize with Lieutenant Grace Ferguson, of Chilliwack, in the death of her dear mother at Kam-sack.

Territorial Headquarters wears a cheerful air once more; Major Oake has returned from his affairs at the Coast.

We are delighted to hear that our various Winnipeg Hospital patients are progressing towards recovery; this refers particularly to Mrs. Ensign Majury, Mrs. Ensign Capon, and Mrs. Captain King. We are always glad to report news of this nature.

There is a newboy who Soldiers at Vancouver IV. One night, after delivering his papers, he hurried to the Meeting, and when testimonies were called for, he jumped to his feet, and said, "Well, I know my hands are dirty, and I don't know what my face is like, but I do know my heart is clean!"

An interesting event is billed for the afternoon of Sunday, April 15th, at Winnipeg Citadel—no less than a Local Composers' Festival (ahem!) Seems to us that not every band nor City can rise to these heights. Everybody is heartily invited to join with us.

Lieutenant Florrie Walker of Vermilion has been operated upon for appendicitis, the operation being entirely successful. Our sympathies and congratulations, sister.

The foreman suddenly caught sight of one of his laborers resting on an upturned bucket, and his indignation was immediately roused.

Standing up to the man he shook him violently by the shoulder.

"Now, then," he cried, "up you get and shift some o' them bricks, me lad! The labourer hesitated.

"I don't feel well, guv'nor," he answered sadly. "I'm trembling all over."

"Oh, all right," returned the foreman, brutally indifferent to the other's suffering, "catch 'old o' this 'ere sieve, then."

"God Save the Queen"

Queen Mary Pays a Surprise Visit to Army Women's Institution

Her Majesty Queen Mary recently paid a surprise visit to the famous Women's Hostel and Shelter which The Army maintains in Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, and expressed herself as delighted with all that she saw there; she paid high tribute

to the work of that particular institution and to The Army and its leaders.

This institution is historical in Army circles in that it was here Mrs. Bramwell Booth, soon after the birth of her own eldest daughter, Catherine, interviewed the first woman to enter an Army Home, and which meeting led to the foundation of our Women's Social Work.

There is something happily significant in the fact that Commissioner Catherine Booth, then an infant lying asleep on two

old ladies, aged 71, struck up in a quavering voice, "God save our gracious Queen."

We are fortunate in being able to give herewith a reproduction of the Queen's signature in the visitor's book.

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MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH

Presides at Home St. Home League Annual Supper

Wednesday, March 21st, was the occasion of the Annual Supper for the families of our members, and about one hundred sat down to the supper, which was presided over by Mrs. Commissioner Rich, who was supported by Mrs. Colonel Miller and Staff-Captain Steele. After the meal we enjoyed a short program and speeches from Mrs. Miller and the Divisional Commander. Mrs. Adjutant Mundy contributed a solo. We also heard from Brother Chable, representing the husbands, and Sister Cawson, the Home League. The Treasurer's report was enlightening. We are now starting on another year's work sure in the knowledge that God will help us. —L.N.S.

Lt.-Commissioner Duce Promoted to Glory



NEWS of the promotion of Lt.-Commissioner Charles Duce from London, Eng., has been received in Winnipeg. The Commissioner has had a long and varied Officership, among his various appointments being terms in the London Slum work, many important posts in Great Britain, and two periods of service in Japan—and also in India—as is indicated by the above photo. His last active work was in connection with The Army Immigration Services, when he acted as Secretary at Migration House, and thus had a direct interest in affairs in Canada. Canada West comrades will extend comradely sympathy to Mrs. Duce, but will rejoice in the sure and certain reward to which our comrade has now attained.

Cyril Row of Chilliwack Promoted

Brother Cyril Row was called very suddenly to meet God. He came into Vancouver for a few days holiday prior to taking another position, and stayed at The Army Hostel. He attended Meetings at several of the City Corps, taking part in them all, and giving a good testimony. Thursday evening he returned from the Meeting as usual, and retired to bed, but on Friday morning Captain Sinclair found him in great distress, and it was soon found necessary to remove him to the hospital. The following day he was operated upon, and later in the day received the Call.

The Funeral Service was conducted on Tuesday by Commandant Spearing, assisted by Captain Sinclair. The Corps Officers and a number of Chilliwack comrades were present. Brother Clarke who came to this country with our promoted comrade, speaking of their Corps association, and of their work on the farm together.

A Memorial Service was held at the Hostel the following Sunday. Major Jaynes being in charge. Commandant Spearing, who has greatly interested himself in our comrade's physical and spiritual welfare, spoke, as did Captain Sinclair. Major Jaynes gave a helpful address, following which five came to the Mercy-Seat—a splendid finish to the life of one who fought so faithfully. A Memorial Service was also held at Chilliwack.

Brother Row came to Canada under the auspices of The Army, four years ago, and for the past year has worked in Chilliwack, where he was converted, and took his stand as a Soldier. His loved ones are all in the Old Land, and our prayers are assiduously for them.

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Winnipeg's Wonderful Councils

(Continued from page 7)

therein. Fort Rouge Guards with their trek carts and camp fire scene; the Scripture recital by Guard Bertha Wits, of Norwood, a humorous dialogue by the Citadel Scout Troop; and an excellent tambourine drill by the Saint James Guards, all well done.

One event of the evening which gave us much pleasure, and was so indicative of the universality of the Movement, was the presentation of the General's Tassel—the highest honour open to a Guard or Scout—to various young comrades. Standing with experienced dignity, the two first Life-Savers in the Territory to win the honour (Patrol Leader Verna Walker and Sid. Jomay) occupied the platform, and were there to do honour to the latest recipients of the decoration—Patrol-Leaders Marjorie Puller, Georgina Murray, Kathleen Lawson, and Guard Laidlaw, all of the Citadel. A splendid touch this, happily executed by our Territorial Commander.

A worthy climax to the evening's enjoyment came with the splendid tableau "The building of the Flag," in which the Citadel Guards excelled themselves; Mrs. Adjutant Acton was a splendid "Britannia" in this.

The Commissioner's benedictory words and prayer brought the Meeting to a close, and we went away with words of praise for Staff-Captain Steele and all those who had so skillfully given us the enjoyment of this evening, and a "top-notch" demonstration.

PROMOTED TO GLORY "GRANNY" SHAW, CALGARY

The passing of dear Granny Shaw from the Calgary Citadel Corps removes one of the most faithful



wore the Army uniform. She passed away March 13th, just after her ninety-third birthday. She first came in contact with the Salvation Army nearly fifty years ago at Tottenham, England, but was never really a Soldier until she came to Calgary fifteen years ago. Granny, as she was better known, was an inspiration to all that she came in contact with, having a word of encouragement for those that needed it.

Until recently she attended the Y.P. Annual every year for she loved the children, and she would always put her coppers in the birthday box, in fact she always looked forward to this event.

Adj. Junker conducted the funeral service on Friday, March 16th. Mrs. Commissioner Rich read the Scripture lesson and spoke words of help and encouragement to those left to mourn. It was a simple, but very touching service.

The Corps extend to Sister Nellie Shaw, also her brother and sister and many friends their heartfelt sympathy. May God bless and sustain them. Thus another wonderful warrior has been laid to rest.—Observer.

Greater Than Wealth

It is said of Josiah Wedgewood, whose beautiful pottery eventually won him world-wide reputation, that when the demand for his ware began to become insistent, some of his associates urged him to let them put on sale at reduced prices those pieces that were slightly marred or imperfect, rightly arguing that otherwise they would mean a great waste.

To their arguments Wedgewood is said to have replied, "I would rather lose every dollar I have ever made and die a pauper than to have my name associated with that which is faulty and imperfect."

It is commendable to be zealous for our good name, not only in business but in all walks of life. An imperfect piece of pottery may do its maker's reputation an injury, but so can a cruel word, a hasty temper, a deceiving tongue. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

On Vancouver Island Lt.-Colonels Sims and Dickerson and the Vancouver Island Y.P. have a Great Day Together

THERE could not have been a more fitting prelude to the Victoria Young People's Councils than the rousing Prayer Meeting held on the preceding Thursday night. Colonel Dickerson, who was in the city in connection with the work of the Men's Social, led us on, and we believe that the "effectual fervent prayer" helped to bring about the encouraging results of the week-end.

Keen disappointment was felt on account of the illness of the Chief Secretary—announced to be our Leader, and of the unavoidable absence of our Divisional Commander, but "never mind, go on," is still the spirit of The Army in B.C.'s Capital City, and we rejoiced to have with us Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Territorial Y.P. Secretary, together with Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, Major Oake, Staff-Captain Bourne and Adjutant Greenaway, etc.

On Saturday evening there was a real Hallelujah gathering when the delegates were given a hearty reception. The Home Corps was splendidly represented, and the contingents from Nanaimo, with Captain Coleman in charge, and from Grandview, Vancouver, came in for a rousing welcome.

In his usual happy style the Territorial Secretary voiced the regret of all at the absence of the Chief Secretary, but we were determined to do as they would have us do—go in for a time of blessing and help. Those who took part in the Meeting were equally determined—Y.P. S.-M. Edgar of Nanaimo, and Corps Cadet Jean Macdonald, were keen speakers. The Grandview Singers cheered us, and so did our own Band and Songsters. Colonel Dickerson contributed to the quota of our enjoyment with his closing remarks.

Sunday morning came clear and bright, and the company of Young People who had met in the Oddfellows Hall began the Day with a zest well manifested in the opening song. The visiting Officers were again welcomed, and a message of inspiration from our Commissioner was read by Major Oake.

Out of his mature Army Experience Lt.-Colonel Sims gave some excellent words, and very aptly illustrated his message. The Young People were greatly uplifted and blessed by the morning session.

The afternoon was a time of much refreshing; it started with a fifteen-

minute song-service with Staff-Captain Bourne in charge; our comrade also helped with a Scripture reading; after which we listened with much relish to papers by Corps Cadet Anderson, Sergt-Major Turton, and Adjutant Greenaway.

An appeal for Candidates resulted in six young people making a definite offering of their lives for Army service; Mrs. Commandant Jones praying God's seal on the consecration.

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson was in charge of the evening session, when all gathered together in a great spirit of expectation; the crowd being the largest yet (Naturally—Ed.). Splendid and devotional singing preceded earnest prayer, so that by the time Major Oake was talking to us from the Scripture a very hallowed influence was with the gathering. Colonel Dickerson's subsequent address was listened to with rapt attention, and the working of the Holy Spirit was plainly seen in the Prayer-Meeting, when seventeen young lives surrendered to the Master's call.

On Monday night the Citadel was filled for the last Meeting, a Young People's Demonstration, presided over jointly by Lt.-Colonel Sims and Dickerson, the latter successfully engineering the giving of a generous collection. Major Oake and Staff-Captain Bourne were in the Officers' corner having been in the Capital City on Army business. Of the many well rendered items the Life-Saving Guards and Chums' contribution was worthy of praise, and their Leaders deserve great credit for careful training.

The Flag Drill and Marching by the former was splendidly done, and the Chums under Mrs. Commandant Jones represented a colored orchestra, their song about "Uncle Joe" having banjo accompaniment, said banjos being cleverly contrived from pie plates. We are sure that we heard Mrs. Jones' guitar also, and the singing of the childish voices in "If you come to Jesus, I know He'll take you in," was one of the best features of the programme.

The most unpleasant part of the evening was the good-bye that had necessarily to be said to our visitors. We trust that as they in God's leading gave blessing to many, they too received in turn, and will have happy memories of the week-end in Victoria.

"Be With Me There"

In that dread hour Thou cam'st alone—
No friend to heed Thy anguished groan;
But when I reach Gethsemane
And fearful, lift my heart to Thee
And contemplate the cup I have to share,
Thou tempted Christ, be with me there.

Thou wert so patient, lone amidst the throng;
That gave back for Thy right the wrong,
And for Thy love and tenderness,
Returned Thee hate—all pitiless.
When I am called upon the hour of life to share,
Thou patient Christ—be with me there.

Thou wert so scorned when dying on that Hill,
Yet Thou wert kind—forgiving still;
So when I reach my own dark Calvary,
And all seems lost—no hope for me
As up to Thee I send my desperate prayer,
Thou loving Christ—be with me there.

And when there comes to me the morning gleam,
When all my griefs so very paltry seem,
When in that Garden fair I look around
And hear upon Thy lips the gracious sound
Of mine own name, in Thine own accents rare;
I know, I know, Thou wilt be there with me.

—Phœnix.

Religion is a great source of happiness because it gives us the right standard of values, and enables us to regard our blessings as a "light affliction which is but for a moment." Let us look on the bright side of life.

Whatever there is in our life that we would not willingly have everyone know is something we need to be saved from. It may not be so easy to break away from it as we think. If it is not a sin, it may soon become a sin. Let in the light!

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



and a
Letter from
Dinah

St. Al Styremur Mansions
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Thank you ever so much for your kind enquiries; I did expect you round to see me, but of course you would wish to be present at all of Commissioner Mapp's Meetings, and so would not find time for visiting me. But never mind, I am getting about again, although I am sorry I was not able to be at the Young People's Councils this year—they kept the age limit too fine for me this time. I shall ask the Captain to make me a Company Guard, I think.

It is high time too that I was around again. Dorcas has done very well, but she is not used to office work, and finds it very trying, especially when she does not get the messages clearly over the phone. (Well, tell him to speak up and not mumble so.) She made a fine mistake last time in putting down one Corps for an increase when they ought to have been set down as a decrease. I gave her a real talking-to on the subject, but she only said, "Ah, well, it's time somebody stuck up for them."

It was this spirit of hers which made me determined to write these notes myself this week, for I find that there is another drop—from Saskatchewan 11. I suppose while the Captain has been off on the "job-stick trail" some of the weekly customers have had a drop out. Dorcas says she will write a special line to Mrs. Hill, and she will deal with the situation.

Isn't the weather lovely these days, Mr. Editor? Almost makes me wish that we had a garden attached to our Suite, but perhaps you would like me to come up and dig you out of your duties; just say the word—if you can't come to see me, I will try to come and see you; I'm not one to bear a grudge or to speak about it. (Umph!)

Yes, I hear that the Easter "Cry" went well; I've heard from two or three that it was a good issue—Colonel Sims told me about it. That was a nice little note from Humboldt—quite nice of Captain Reeves to write like that wasn't it. Has anybody else said anything?

Dear Dad and Mums:

I have something quite nice and quite private to tell you, and I do hope it will make you all worried. I am sure you will like him, and as soon as Congress comes—if not before—I hope you will be able to see him. I have had an idea that he would be speaking to me, but of course I had to wait his pleasure. I hope it won't make you feel too old, or that I am growing up; anyway, he is real Army, and I know that will suit your two dear, old selves. He says he thinks he knows you, only he can't recognize you very well from your photo, and he did not go to our Corps when he was a Cadet. His name is on the private slip here, and I am sending it in this confidential way because I know how you show my letters all round the Corps.

Your affectionate daughter,

Dinah

There, Mr. Editor, that's done you one! I am glad she has chosen a nice Officer-fellow. You know him, I expect. His name is (That's it, can't you remember she doesn't want everybody to know his name) Sorry, Mr. Editor, but I'll tell you over the phone later on.

Yours, a prospective father-in-law,
Daniel Domore.



THE ANCIENT TRAIN A Cause for Thankfulness

I HAVE been reading recently some of the new Parables of Saled the day, and liked most his story of the day; he runs early to catch a Pullman, and found instead a train that consisted of an ancient coach, one baggage van, an engine. The passengers began to make the most unkind remarks about the train, except Saled himself, who said himself, "There must be a reason, and we are patient we shall discover it." The rest of the tale I will leave to Barton to tell in his own words: "The conductor came through. And wore no uniform, but had a badge of elastic band, fastened round a hat. And I had not seen the like in years. And the passengers made remarks about the kind of train on which we were riding. And he answered not a word until he had taken up all his tickets. Then he stood in the aisle and delivered an oration.

Some of You Wise Guys

"And he said: 'I have listened to the remarks of you who think you are wise guys concerning the quality of the train. Be it understood that this is the regular train, neither am I the conductor of that train. But I got off at 4 a.m. to run this fiver from Junction to the Terminal as an accommodation to you wise guys that have no sense enough to suspect that somebody doing you a favor.

"For it was known to us that twenty passengers were arriving at Junction, and others to be picked up, and we wanted to help you out, because our regular crews are overworked and many of our men are sick with it was no easy job to get an engine, because there was no conductor available, therefore did the division manager take to see this train to its destination and that's me.

The "Limited" is in the District

"And now, if any of you want Limited, and are discontented with the train, behold, I will stop this old train and let you out, and ye can walk by the way, just as ye prefer. For Limited is in the ditch about fifty feet back, and the track behind us is blocked till noon."

"And no man decided to get out, neither did any man complain of our train. And I considered this and I said that if we were to stop to think before complaining, we ourselves discover that whereof we complain are those for whom we should be thankful."

Does this interest you?

Many a legend attends the writing of him, but there is no basis for the legend that Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" was written as a had been prevented from taking his "Toplady's" "Rock of Ages" composed while sheltering from a in a cleft of limestone rock.

Heber wrote "From Greenland Mountains" to the tune "Twang the Seas were Roaring" in the "Open"; and his "Brightest and the Sons of the Morning" to the "Wandering Willie," an old Scot's

Deliberations Daniel Domore



and a Letter from Dinah

Ste. Al Styremup Mansions
Winnipeg.

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you very well from your photo,
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Humboldt—I am sending it
onidentially because I know
show my letters all round the

our affectionate daughter,
Dinah

Mr. Editor, that's done you
n glad she has chosen a nice
ow. You know him, expect
is (That's it, can't you remember
want everybody to know his name)
Editor, but I'll tell you over
later on.

Sirs, a prospective father-in-law,
Daniel Domore.



Mad on Music

"Carry my books, please?" said the Regent Hall Drummer to the tramp—Within a week he was converted

TO justify the title of this story it is only necessary to say that although the hero of it had been without food for two and a half days and was sitting at the table in Blackfriars Shelter waiting for the Free Breakfast to be served, a passing Band lured him away before the meal was served, and the pinch-faced, fainting wayfarer wandered on behind the music-makers in blissful indifference to his unappeased hunger until the playing ceased. The man was a musical maniac.

But to start at the beginning... Harry Howse was a child of the regiment, and the wanderer was born within him. In 1839 Howse senior had tramped from London to Glasgow in order to join the 90th Perthshire Volunteers. Howse junior was born in Richmond Barracks, Dublin, and after accompanying his parents from one camp to another, travelled with them to South Africa and back again before he was five years old.

Ran Away to Join the Band
Little wonder that this youthful nomad at early age ran away from home to join the regimental band of the West Surrey Regiment. The spirit that had made four hundred miles an easy walk for his father—the spirit of the soldier—was early manifest in him. In 1855 the young bandsman was transferred to the artillery band, but his wild pranks and exuberant spirits earned for him so bad a reputation that after badly disgracing himself, the soldier was ignominiously discharged.

Thrust suddenly into civilian life bearing such credentials (better not produced), the ex-serviceman now found himself without trade or prospects. Such money as he earned he squandered, not on the sins of the flesh, but in endeavoring to satiate his insatiable craving for music. After earning a few coppers by carrying sand-wich-boards all day he would spend as much to gain admission to a music-hall.

The performance ended, the hungry man would then seek a quiet resting-place on the banks of the Regent Canal.

A few weeks after the day on which the starving man scorned a Free Breakfast in order to follow a Brass Band, he came upon the Army's Regent Hall Band marching along Oxford Street (London). To his surprise he was asked by the drummer to carry a set of music-books. The Salvationist's confidence in him

made him feel proud, and when the Band entered the Hall he entered, too. In the interval between the afternoon and night Meetings a tea-slip, valued fourpence, was given him with which to secure refreshment on the building. In fulfillment of a promise he returned on Band practice night to refund the fourpence loaned him. Only ninepence remained of his day's earnings, and of this he spent eightpence for admission to a London music-hall. Having had no food he finished the day with one penny, and spent the night on the canal bank.

On Wednesday he went to The Army again, and what he heard made him think. Leaving the Hall he crossed to the corner of Regent and Oxford Streets, then halted as a realization of his awful position and ultimate end came upon him. He looked down at the odd boots he was

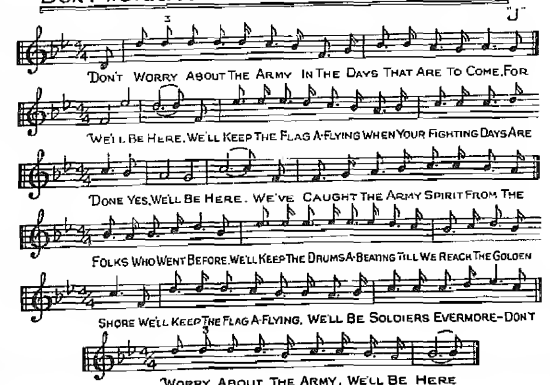


wearing, and acknowledging the futility of his present mode of living returned to the Hall and knelt at the mercy-seat. That night the tramp slept on the canal bank for the very last time.

Within a week the Convert was in regular employment, which he followed until the outbreak of war revived the soldier-urge and he commenced the first of three periods of war service. A little later he and a young Salvationist (now his wife and the mother of his four children) who had helped him considerably in his early spiritual struggles, were enrolled as Soldiers of the Regent Hall Corps. Since then both have been enthusiastic Salvationists.

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ARMY, WE'LL BE HERE.



A Gifted Song-Writer

Composer of "Whoever Will May Come" and Other Well-Known Songs

MORE than half-a-century has elapsed since the death of a gifted song-writer whose compositions continue to live and play a prominent part in Salvationist warfare. His productions include the following songs well known to Salvationists:

"Whoever Heareth, Shout, Shout the Sound."

"Hold the Fort, For I Am Coming."

"Pull for the Shore, Sailor."

"Only An Armor-bearer."

"Dare To Be a Daniel."

"Will You Meet Me at the Fountain?"

"Wonderful Words of Life."

"Hallelujah, 'Tis Done, I Believe on the Son."

"Almost Persuaded."

"I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me."

Included in the tunes composed by this writer are also the following: "The Harvest is Passing," "Sowing the Seed," "It is Well," and "Go Burial Thy Sorrow."

Philip Bliss early in life showed a strong liking for things musical. At seven years of age he would manufacture instruments in a most original manner and reproduce tunes he had heard. At the age of ten, ragged and barefooted, he heard in a village street for the first time in his life, the strains of a piano. Creeping to the door of the parlor from which the sound came he stood entranced till the player ceased. His entreaty to her to "play some more" called forth a harsh reprimand. He left the door nearly broken, but with memories of harmonies that seemed heavenly.

Converted at Fourteen

At eighteen he became converted; and at eighteen, through strict application to study, became a school-teacher. At nineteen he received his first musical instruction, and at twenty-two, being himself unable to pay the necessary fee, he was enabled by the generosity of his grandmother to attend the Normal Academy of Music. Success and promotion to a professor's degree followed, until in 1874 he had to choose between conducting a musical society at a high remuneration, or devoting his life to evangelistic work. He chose the latter.

His death was caused by a railway accident, a train by which he and his wife were travelling being wrecked at Ashtabula, Ohio. A severe storm was raging, and a bridge collapsed. Several cars of the train were precipitated into the ravine below, where the wreckage was piled up in snow that was waist deep. The evangelist managed to climb through a window of the wreckage which became a mass of flame five minutes after the catastrophe, but his wife being pinned down by the debris, he returned to rescue her and was not seen again. Courageously he lived, and thus he died.—F.S.—in "The Counsellor"—New York.

Who are the Great?

The following list, giving the names of the men who are regarded as the twenty greatest composers, will be of some interest. The names are given in the order in which the men lived, with the date and country of birth: Palestrina, 1524, Italy; Purcell, 1658, England; Bach, 1685, Germany; Handel, 1685, Germany; Gluck, 1714, Germany; Haydn, 1732, Austria; Mozart, 1756, Germany; Beethoven, 1770, Germany; Weber, 1786, Germany; Rossini, 1792, Italy; Schubert, 1797, Germany; Berlioz, 1803, France; Chopin, 1809, Poland; Mendelssohn, 1809, Germany; Liszt, 1811, Hungary; Wagner, 1813, Germany; Gounod, 1818, France; Brahms, 1833, Germany; and Tschai-kowsky, 1840, Russia.

Remember now thy Creator

WAR CRY

While the evil days come not

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1928

No. 15

Tune: "Darwell's" or "Majesty"
(6s & 8s)

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
Your Saviour, yes, and mine;
He made for us a place
In mercy's great design,
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
He left His realms above—
That He might ransom us—
Oh, miracle of love,
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
How shall we tell His praise?
No note too sweet, nor loud
For us to Him to raise,
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain.

Come, sing of Christ the Lord,
Our best and dearest Friend,
Who loved us years ago,
And loves us to the end,
As yesterday, today the same,
And so forever shall remain. —"J"

Tune: "Two lovely black eyes"
Oh, wonderful love,
Oh, wonderful love,
Wonderful, fathomless, boundless and free—
Oh, wonderful love.

Tune: "Verily, Verily I Say Unto You"
Joyfully, joyfully I sing;
Glad and free, glad and free, pardoned is my sin;
Doubtings and fears are gone and now within
Jesus is Lord and King.

Tune: "I'm longing for My Ain Folk"
I bring Thee my all, Thou blessed Saviour,
I long for Thy Spirit and Thy favor;
All my life shall fully be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
And spent in bringing sinners to my Saviour.



Let Us Sing Together!



Tune: "We Have an Anchor"
There's a refuge sure from the storms
Of life,
From the raging rush of the battle strife;
From the fiercest gale there's a calm
retreat,
And a covert cool from the blazing heat.

Chorus:
Hidden with Christ—with Christ in God;
Over the portals the precious Blood;
Sin, death, and hell shall ne'er prevail—
Hidden with Christ—within the veil.

In the darkest hour there's a promise
bright;
In the midst of gloom there's a star
of light;
When we're most alone and for friendship
yearn,
There's a Friend at hand to Whom
we turn.

When the foe comes o'er us like a flood;
When the tempter's wiles can be scarce
withstood;
E'er the rising gale can our soul o'erthrow
There's a haven sure where no winds may
blow.

Oh, the joy of a hiding-place in God;
Oh, the best assurance of Jesus's Blood;
Oh, the comfort sweet of a constant
Friend;
Oh, abiding peace that knows no end.

Tune: "Grace Abounding for Me"
Christ is living in me—(Repeat)
Barriers are gone,
Victory has come—
Since Christ is living in me.

Tune: "Never Mind, Go on"
Welcome! Welcome! Resurrection
Morning!
Christ is risen! Though unbelief is
scorning,
Light and Life o'er every grave is dawning,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!
On the stone the angels look appalling,
Trembling soldiers like dead men
are falling,
When we hear our risen Saviour calling,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!

All around the empty grave
Let us sing for joy;
We are going to live again,
Never more to die,
On the Resurrection Morn
We shall reach the sky,
And live, and live with Jesus.

Christ is risen! and we are not mistaken,
Long ago He has His grave forsaken;
Soon His Voice will all the dead awaken,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!
Towards the heavenly country we
are steering,
Looking for Christ's glorious appearing,
Stingless death we are no longer fearing,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!

Power to rise the Lord of life has given,
From Life's throne the monster death
is driven,
All the way from Calvary to Heaven,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!
Parted friends will meet no more to sever,
Soldiers there will sing and shout forever,
With the Lord we're going to live forever,
We shall rise! Oh, yes!

—The late Colonel Pearson

Tune: "Tell it again"
In the Army, one cold winter's night,
A poor drunkard strayed—such a
pitiful sight;
His gait was unsteady, his face pained
by sin,
But as he sat, list'ning, the Soldiers
did sing:
Chorus:
The sinner may come, the sinner may
come;
Jesus is calling for thee, weary one;
Do not delay, but repent while you may;
Pardon is offered—is offered today.

His eyes filled with tears as he sang
the refrain,
Was it for him that the dear Lord
was slain?
Did He leave glory, his soul to redeem?
He wondered, as sweetly the Soldiers
did sing.

The angels in heaven that night did rejoice
Because that poor drunkard made Jesus
his choice;
The joy-bells of Heaven they loudly
did ring
As the folks at The Army together
did sing.

Night after night at his post he is found,
Telling to all how God's love doth abound;
Urging the sinners to give up their wrong,
And while they are list'ning, he sings
them this song.

—Lt. Colonel E. Sims
(Reprinted from the Canadian "War Cry" of 1896)

Tune: "My Heavenly Father Watches
Over Me"

No night is there—'tis one eternal day;
No sin or death—all crying gone for aye;
No pain or care—no sorrow there;
And God shall wipe all tears, all tears
away.

Tune: "Sailing o'er the ocean main"
Fighting, fighting on the narrow way,
The road is rough,
The fighting tough
But we shall win the day.

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any
part of the world, befriended, and, as far as
possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address
ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton
St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry"
on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case,
where possible, to help defray expenses. In
case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars
(\$3.00) extra.

1914—John Lettis (or his children) formerly
lived at Long Buckley, England; came to Canada
in the twenties. Understood he had five children.
Small inquiry to be paid to Mr. Lettis or children.

1940—J. J. Harnden. Mother of the above
named anxious to locate. Was for a time at Nichol
Valley, B.C., also Merritt, B.C.

642—Wm. Samuel H. Hearnden—About 40
years of age, height 5 ft. 6 in., black hair, brown
eyes, sawmill complexion, farmer, missing ten years.
Wife anxious for news.

1910—Joseph Stewart. Age 25, height 5 ft.
8 in., weight 130 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, light
complexion, farm hand, missing two years, last
heard of at Barriere, Alta., also Unity, Sask.
Mother very worried.

1922—Robert Blackley. Age 19, height 5 ft.
9 in., weight 150 lbs., dark brown hair, grey eyes,
dark complexion, native of Ireland. Mother
anxiously enquires.

1908—Alexander Kuzmoff Khion or Khion.
Native of Tisholtz, U.S.S.R. Emigrated to
Canada in 1912. Enlisted in the 144th Iron Reserve
Battalion which was a Winnipeg Battalion com-
posed of Russians, served in Great War. Wife
and children long for news.

1926—Siedorf Fahlen. Age 18, height 5 ft.
weight 150 lbs., dark brown hair, Swedish, occu-
pation, laborer. Missing since Aug. 24th, 1922.
White hairless spot on head, right wrist crippled.
Mother very worried.

1957—Anders Olsson. Swedish, age 61, heavy
build, brown hair, blue eyes, missing since 1903,
wanted because of an inheritance. Brother en-
quires, father now dead and there is money left
the boys to be divided.

1907—Ward—Ward. Anyone by the above
names who has a missing son of the name of
G.W.E. Gordon or William, or a son who was
reported missing, killed overseas, may hear
surprising news by communicating with Mrs.
Maude Ward, 10631 126th St. Edmonton, Alta.

1973—William Carson. Age 38, single, red
hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farm laborer,
British, last known address Irtan, Brother is
the enquirer.

1961—Dennis Russell Jennings. Tall slender
man, blue eyes, high cheek bones, age 32, last
heard from about four years ago in Alaska. Brother
anxious to locate.

1962—John Hampden Turnbull. Age 38,
height 5 ft. 9 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, dark
complexion. Owing to gun accident lost use of
left arm. Was a soldier in Canadian Army. Father,
the Rev. Archibald Turnbull of Edinburgh has
recently died and sister is anxious to let brother
know.

1929—Knut E. Bondi. Norwegian, age 40,
height about 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, six
years ago reported to be at Seattle, Washington,
lumber camp. Brother Mel, Bagley, Sask. wishes
to hear from him.

1951—John Kirkpatrick. Last heard of in 1912,
was then at Gedy, Wyo., had string of race horses.
Mother very ill. John is professor of school. Father
died a few years ago. Belonged to Westman of
the World League. Cousin, Mrs. Mattie McWilliams,
anxious to locate.

1961—Robert Walker. Age 34, height 5 ft.
9 1/2 in., slim build, fresh complexion, grey eyes,
has mole on nose and scar under the eye on left
cheek. Motor engineer by trade, also has knowledge
of electrical work. Is a free mason, missing since
June 1927. Wife and children in Scotland extremely
anxious to locate.

1994—Carl Oscar Anderson. Born in Jarpen,
Sweden, age 42, tall, dark, always neat and proper.
Wife has recently died and four children want to
get in touch with their father. Brother making
the enquiry, parents also anxious.

1930—Karl Arvid Mattsson. Swedish, age 64,
medium height, blue eyes, missing since 1919.
Has been sailor also worked in mines. Sister
anxiously enquires.

1941—John Wilson. Age 32, height 5 ft. 9 in.,
weight 160 lbs., black hair, grey eyes, Scotch
Canadian, widower, occupation real estate, missing
20 years. Brother desires to locate.

1907—Peter Larsen. Age 31, medium height,
blond hair, blue eyes, was for some time around
Algeria, born in Denmark. Grandmother anxious
to hear from him.

1965—Tom Murray. Age 30, height 5 ft. 4 in.,
light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Scotch,
blacksmith, brother enquires.

1950—Hans Peter Hansen. Danish, age 35,
medium height, brown hair and eyes, was working
in saw mill. Cousin enquirer.

1970—Knut Berger. One time was working
at Willow Beach. Sister desires to locate.

1962—Arthur Kirk. Age 21, height 5 ft. 10 in.,
fair hair and complexion, engaged on land, left
England under care of Dr. Barnardo when ten.
Mother enquires; anxious for him to return home.

1958—Jacob Aksel Pedersen. Danish, age 42,
last heard from in 1917. Was working as a shepherd
for farmer by name of Henry, address unknown.
Medium height, fair hair and blue eyes; father
long for news.

1963—Samuel Hay. Age 50, medium height,
black hair, fair complexion, engaged in cycle trade,
native of Evesham, England. Whilst there was a
Salvationist and worked in B.S.A. Cycle Works,
Redditch. Came back to Canada in 1962. Sister
enquires.

1942—John Richardson. Age 43, height 5 ft.
10 in., dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native
of Scotland. Served in Great War. Brother anxious
to locate.

1891—Richard Rogers. Age 52, height 5 ft. 10
in., very fair hair, light blue eyes, fair complexion,
farmer, native of Warrington, England.
Sister anxious news.

1992—Alfred Rogers. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in.,
fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of
Warrington, England, thought to be working in
the iron and steel trade in Vancouver. Sister
enquires.

2001—Philip or Patrick McBride. The niece
of this man is anxious to locate him. He is thought
to be in Alaska. He is 6 ft. tall, sandy complexion,
gold rimmed glasses, visited his home in New
England State about 30 years ago, then went back
to Alaska.

2002—Thomas George Hopper. When last
heard of was living at Glacier, B.C., age 19, height
5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, very dark eyes, born
near Paisley, Ont. Sister enquires.

1948—Harry Davies. Age 33, height 5 ft. 5 in.,
medium brown hair, inclined to be bald on top.
Last heard from at Jasper, Alta. Brother anxiously
enquires.

1933—Steven W. Salomon. Wanted in case of
inheritance, thought to be in Vancouver.
1932—Adolph H. Lasey. Danish, medium
height, fair hair, blue eyes, Clerk; wanted because
of inheritance.

1933—Knut Johnson, or Kid Johnson. May
go by name of Telhaug, Norwegian, age 30, height
5 ft. 11 in., worked in lumber camps in Scotland when
young. Sister anxiously enquires.

1756—Karl Olof Field Olson. Age 39, tall,
blond hair, blue eyes, last heard from in 1926.
Father very anxious to get in touch with him.

1974—Herbert Kinkade. Age 26, height 5 ft.
6 in., black hair, hazel eyes, was chunter on rail-
way at Belfast, Ireland. Thought to be in Van-
couver.

Important Announcements

LT-COMMISSIONER and MRS. RICH

UNITED DIVISIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL
Winnipeg Amphitheatre Saturday, April 21st
MANTOBA DIVISION BANDSMEN'S COUNCILS
Training Garrison Auditorium Sunday, April 22nd

"DAY OF DEVOTION"
Training Garrison Auditorium Monday, April 23rd
(11 a.m.; 3 and 7.45 p.m.)

God Is Looking For You

Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I,
will seek my sheep, and seek them out.
As a shepherd seeks out his flock in the day
that he is among his sheep that are scattered:
I will seek that which was lost, and
bring again that which was driven away, and
will bind up that which was broken.

—Ezek. 34: 11-16.

SELF-DENIAL

THE W
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Salv

MANY, many years ago
Apostle Peter made a
mark which has been quoted,
mis-quoted, numberless times
"Of a truth, I perceive that
there is no respecter of persons,"
countless souls have found com-
fort therein. The Apostle mi-
equally well have said that "there
is no respecter of places"—
least in regard to the place where
His mercy may be sought and
found.

Referred to his Bible
A few weeks ago an Army
Officer, very well known through-
out Canada West, was on his
way to keep an appointment at
a town on the confines of a
special district, and as is
custom had taken with him some
reading matter in order to pass
away the hours of a very trying
journey. It so happened—al-
though the story proves it to be
true—that he had taken his
Bible, in order to verify a text
which had been made in his reading.

It is not altogether easy for
him to turn the leaves of his
fact secured the attention of
a comparatively young
ways of sin. Taking advantage
which The Army uniform
entered into conversation with
remarked upon the fact that his
Bible.

"I immediately enquired of
him if he was in the habit of
quickly replied in the negative
opportunity of pointing out
the guide to the Way of Eternity.

Unfolded the pages
"He appeared to be a man
conversed beads of perspiration
Thinking that we might find
asked him to come with me
had but one occupant. There
chapter of John's Gospel, and
to him the plan of Salvation.

"By this time the poor
I felt impelled to get up
example. He wept, I prayed
prayed for himself, and then
edge of his sins forgiven,
Jesus. The other occupant
one shining face on the train.

"For me," concludes our
What joyous conversation
Brother in the Lord had ne-